

Notes

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-06-26 23:57:48

Updated: 2013-06-26 23:57:48

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:25:24

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,530

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Henry "Hiccup" Haddock has been receiving strange notes in his locker, each one containing a random compliment. Hiccup doesn't know what to do as the notes start to get a little more elaborate, making him wonder who it is that is sending him these random notes day after day and debate whether or not finding out their identity would be worth it. Secret Admirer AU for Hijack Week.

Notes

They started out small. The first note in fact was the smallest in the boy's opinion. They all started on what was a normal Wednesday. Henry "Hiccup" Haddock noticed the first one in his locker as he went to get his books for his third period history class. It was a simple compliment in handwriting he'd never seen before written on a plain yellow sticky note that read `"I like your hair"`. The note had been stuck inside his locker, a tiny bit of the corner sticking out.

Hiccup wouldn't have even noticed the note had it not almost fallen to the floor once he opened his locker. Once he read the note, he almost instantly felt himself begin to blush as he looked around to see if anyone was spying on him, making sure that he read the note. But why would they be looking at him?

This note had to have come from a secret admirer, wouldn't it? Who else would have left this in his locker? Astrid maybe, but Hiccup always thought that they were just friends. Of course in some relationships that he had seen in movies or in books, that was usually how they started out. He tucked the note in his pocket as he fingers ran through his brown, practically un-styled hair. He walked down the hall towards his next class, weaving in and out of the man small groups of students that mad formed in the high school hallway.

In the three years that Hiccup had been at Burgess High he had never once received something like his. Sure his friends would compliment him on some aspects, but they were friendly compliments. This one was made by someone that wanted to remain anonymous. If it was from someone who wanted to stay just friends then they wouldn't have wanted to be anonymous.

Something was up.

His third period class went as smoothly as usual, the teacher lecturing about historical events that Hiccup, along with several other students, couldn't care less about. The teacher only stopped teaching in order to tell another student in the back, who was known throughout the student body as Snotlout thanks to a nickname he made up in elementary school that seemed to stick around throughout his bullying 'career', to stop throwing paper balls at another student.

Hiccup looked over to see where the paper balls had been thrown and saw at least 3 scattered around the desk of one white-haired teen that Hiccup rarely saw. His name was Jackson, but preferred anyone who actually talked to him to simply call him Jack, and was always seen wearing that blue hoodie of his whenever it started to get cold.

Jack bent down to pick up the fourth paper ball that had landed beside him and unraveled it, reading whatever it was Snotlout had written inside. Jack remained motionless as he crumpled the paper back into a ball and stuffed it inside his backpack.

Once the bell rang and the teacher, Mr. Gobber, dismissed the class, Hiccup noticed Jack was the first to leave. It seemed as if he wanted to get out of that class as fast as possible. Probably because he didn't want to stick around the bully that wouldn't stop trying to annoy him. As he turned and walked down the hallway, Hiccup noticed one of the paper balls fall out of his unzipped backpack. Extremely curious, Hiccup quickly picked up the paper ball and turned around so that no one would see what was written as he read it.

He opened the note and saw only one word: Weirdo. That's it? That was Snotlout's attempt at bullying? He could have done better.

Hiccup tossed the note into the trash and walked towards his locker, anticipating his next class. Fourth period art was his favorite class and the only reason he managed to stick it through the first three. He reached his locker and almost stopped cold.

Another note was hanging out. This time more of it was being shown. Hiccup slowly slid the sticky note out from his locker and took a deep breath as he read the note. It had the same handwriting as the last one. It read: _"You're a really nice person."_ Again, a simple compliment.

What gives? Did Hiccup have the eyes of some other student locked onto him? He didn't even try to make sense of the note as he once again stuffed it into his pocket and collected his things for his art class.

As the day drew on, Hiccup only received one more note. He was beginning to become aggravated at these notes. They were nice, but

Hiccup hate this game that the person as playing with him. He swiped the note out from his locker and sighed as he read it. _"Your eyes look amazing. :) "_

Hiccup gasped as if he was just stuck by a needle, receiving an unpleasant shot. His eyes are amazing? This was definitely from a secret admirer. He looked longer at the note this time. He only looked away when someone accidentally bumped into his shoulder as they walked down the hall. He looked over to see the Jack kid quickly turning around and apologizing.

He didn't even give Hiccup time to let him know that it was okay before he turned back around and went on his way. Hiccup would have thanked him if he had the chance. Not many people except the few he could call his friends would apologize for bumping into him.

There weren't any notes the second day.

The third day however was almost different. Hiccup received no notes until the end of the day when he went to put his last class' books away. The note this time was written on a note card instead of a sticky note.

He took a breath to collect himself as he read the note. _"I like your smile. Those friends of yours that you sit with at lunch really do seem to make you happy. P.S.: This little game of ours is fun, isn't it?"_

Hiccup's hands started shaking a little. He didn't know what to think of this one. It was somewhere between cute and kind of creepy. Whoever was sending these, if it wasn't one of his friends who indeed had a crush on him, was watching him at lunch today, sitting with his friends. Talk about being a stalker.

Hiccup hesitantly put the note in his pocket, glancing out of the corner of his eyes to see if anyone was watching him read the note. And, as expected, he saw no one. Even if he was being watched, if they were smart they would have hid in the crowds of students flocking to the doors to go home after a long day of school.

Day Four; the next week of school. Two more notes. Both random compliments written on notecards. _"You shouldn't let people get to you like that again. You seem like a smart person."_ This note was more than likely mentioning what happened in the hallway after second period where another school bully who went by the name of "Dagur" and his group of friends knocked the books out of Hiccups hands. Luckily Astrid was there to help him pick them back up.

The second note read: _"I saw some of your art posted outside the art classroom today. I don't know you could draw so well!"_ Underneath it, something appeared to have been erased, but Hiccup couldn't read anything clearly with the big gray smudge streaked across three lines of the note card.

The fifth day came around and Hiccup was almost excited to see what kind of notes he might get today. He checked his locker with anticipation after each period, hoping to see a new note form the mysterious admirer. The first one came after fifth period. However, the note card was red instead of a simple white this time.

He unfolded the note and felt his heart drop and almost shatter as he read the note in an unfamiliar handwriting. _"If you actually like what this guy is telling you then ur a bigger loser than I thought. If you ever get together then ur gonna be called a fag by everyone in the school. I mean, I already call you a gay faggot behind your back every day, but it would be nice to see your face when I say it in front of you, retard."_

Hiccup's jaw clenched tight as he read the note over. There was absolutely no way this was from the same person. He tore the note in two and threw it on the ground, not caring if he would get called out by one of the janitors. He would be called a fag? 'This guy'? The person sending him these notes was another guy?

Hiccup didn't know what to think as he tried to wrap his mind around the fact that his secret admirer was another guy. That would partially explain why this admiration was secret. Hard to come out and flirt to someone of the same sex when you're not even sure if they roll the same way.

Hiccup never even told anyone except his close friend Astrid and Fishlegs, another nickname that stuck with him due to his weight 'problem'. He doubted any of them would have told anyone else his secret, having given it to them with complete trust.

Hiccup went on the rest of the day wondering who the secret admirer could be. He had absolutely no hint whatsoever except the fact that it was a guy and the handwriting he possessed, which would help him none.

Sixth period came to an end and Hiccup was almost afraid to check his locker. Sure enough, he saw another note sticking out. Another red one. He almost didn't want to read it, but stopped reaching for it when he noticed a regular note card taped to the other side. He read the regular note first, carefully peeling it off of the red note card, not wanting to face whatever insults he might have to deal with next. This time, the note was much longer. _"Guess the cat's out of the bag huh? I understand if you're creeped out. Heck I would be too. But I just want you to know that you're a wonderful person in my eyes. I wish I could say you could come to me for help if you ever feel alone or scared or just needing someone to talk to, but that would ruin the whole 'secret' art if this thing wouldn't it? But what I've said is true. I know you're a good person because you've kept the notes, made no big deal about this, and yes, I saw you blush when you read them. I think that's cute too. But now that you know the truth, I'll stop. Unless of course, you don't want me to. I mean come on, you've kept the notes and blushed and smiled for a reason, right? Best wishes."_

The admirer was right. Hiccup couldn't help but smile and blush when he read the notes, especially this one. He was unsure of whether or not he wanted the notes to continue though. If someone liked him this much, then they should show themselves instead of watching from afar. It was stupid for someone to act like this, especially if they, â€|he, felt so strongly about this.

Hiccup quickly took the red note out of his locker and read it quickly, trying to get it over with. But this time, it was the same red note from before. The note was taped back together and written on the other side with blue ink. A big 'X' was drawn over most of the

side of the note where the harsh words were written. The blue ink read: _"It's stupid and cheesy, but here's what we're gonna do Haddock. These notes of mine are gonna continue. Each one will be left with a compliment as well as a hint to my identity. From now on, I shall be known as "M" because I'm manly as hell. If you want to know who I am, simply piece together the puzzle yourself. May the odds be ever in your favor. BOOM!"_

Hiccup couldn't help but laugh a little as he read the last part of the note. Making a game out of this? This soundedâ€¦interesting. Despite the harsh words that were written on the other side, Hiccup tucked both notes into his pocket, keeping them in order to put them with the rest of the notes he was keeping back in his room underneath his bed.

No more notes arrived for Hiccup that day.

The next day, Hiccup received one note after his art class. He went to retrieve his notebook that he left in his locker. By his locker however, on the floor, was a blue notebook. Hiccup figured someone must have dropped it and didn't bother with it, knowing it wasn't his since he didn't own any blue notebook. He noticed the note card already sticking out of his locker and read: _"I think your freckles are adorable. Hint: I like guys. ;)"_

Hiccup rolled his eyes as he read the hint. Like that one wasn't obvious. Great first hint stranger. Hiccup smiled as he placed the note in his pocket and looked down at the notebook. Hiccup picked it up and looking on the inside of the cover, thinking he might find a name and return the notebook to its owner.

Hiccup was surprised when he saw what was inside. In black sharpie was the name "Jack Frost." Hiccup's brows raised in curiosity. Why was Jack's notebook by his locker? He flipped through the pages to see what class it was for and stopped to read a page. The notes that Jack had written were for his history class. Which was good for Hiccup, since he knew he would see Jack during their seventh period English class and gladly return the notebook back to him.

However, something seemed familiar about the notebook. The way the words were written seemed as if Hiccup had seen them before. He felt his heart stop as he realized where he might have seen the writing before. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the note, the bottom right corner of it crease form where it had been accidentally folded in Hiccup's pocket. He compared the writing just to be sure. He was right. The writing style did look similar. But come on! There was no way Jack could be the secret admirer, right? Sure Jack had a writing style that look similar to the one used on the notes, but that didn't mean anything.

He heard footsteps from down the hall and looked up as he saw none other than Jack Frost turn the corner and stop in his tracks as he saw Hiccup holding the note and his open notebook. Even though they were only a couple yards apart, both of them could see what the other was thinking. Should they take the first step towards the other? Should they say something? Say what? Did this mean Hiccup figured it out?

Jack was the first to do anything, walking towards hiccup and holding out his hand, silently asking for his notebook back. Hiccup gladly

gave Jack back his possession and proceeded to collect his own notebook, not saying anything to the white-haired teen standing next to him. Once he got his notebook, he looked back to Jack, who was still looking at Hiccup, giving him a small smirk as he waved his hand.

Hiccup returned the smile and nodded at Jack as he turned around and walked back towards his class. He turned his head around just in time to see Jack facing away from Hiccup, arms in front of him and head hanging down, looking as if he was writing something. His assumption was right as Jack slipped in a yellow sticky note in Hiccups locker, not even looking back to the freckled teen as he walked away and turned the corner back to his class.

Hiccup wasn't going to wait.

He quickly walked back to his locker and snatched the sticky note out and eagerly read it, wondering what Jack would say this time. _"Movie? Saturday around 6? I'll buy."_

A date. Jack asked Hiccup out on an official date. Hiccup looked to the corner, hoping to see Jack's head peeking out from around the corner, but saw no one. He slowly tucked the note into his pocket along with the other note he had collected and walked back to his class, thinking about the answer he would give Jack.

Jackson Overland Frost walked silently back to his locker, his free hand stuffed into the pocket of his brown and slightly tight pants, the other clamped tightly onto the strap from his backpack hanging onto his shoulder. It was time for lunch and luckily he had his lunch at the beginning of lunch period. He was also lucky because he shared it with Hiccup. Jack's mind was still on the note he had left for Hiccup. He had no idea know what Hiccup would say. He didn't even know if he liked him like that! What was he thinking?

Sure Hiccup wasn't the kind of person to tell others about this just so they could ridicule Jack, but then again, other people in the school already did. But he just tossed all the insults off of his shoulder. Especially the ones from Snotlout. Every ball of paper tossed at him would have some stupid insult written in them. Weirdo. Loser. Freak. Homo. Jack hadn't even told Snotlout that he liked guys, so the gay insults were just trying to be demeaning in the average and idiotic way of just calling Jack stupid.

Jack reached his locker and was surprised to see something sticking out from the corner of his locker. It was a small yellow sticky note, with a simple message written on it. Jack slid the note out from his locker and read it to himself. _"I get to pick the movie"_ and a phone number Jack could only assume was Hiccup's was all it read.

Jack smiled as he tucked the note into the pocket of his hoodie, anticipating the weekend ahead. Maybe he'd try to sit with Hiccup at lunch. Maybe he'd text him later tonight and discuss what they would do on their little date. Maybe he would text him random compliments and keep the cycle he had started going. His mind raced with ideas.

He turned around to walk to the cafeteria to see Hiccup leaning against the wall a few yards away, smiling like an adorable idiot as

he watched Jack put away his things and get ready for lunch. Hiccup was the one to walk towards Jack this time, keeping his smile as he held out an open hand, nodding towards the direction of the cafeteria.

Jack gladly accepted Hiccup's offer and placed his hand in Hiccup's, not caring if one of the teachers would call them out for PDA. Hiccup gladly introduced Jack to Astrid and Fishlegs at the lunch table. Hiccup's other two friends, twins who called each other Ruff and Tuff, came in late and, despite their rowdy and sometimes rude behavior, welcomed Jack to the table by simply nodding towards him and saying 'hello'.

Both Astrid and Fishlegs knew what this was for Hiccup, noticing each small glance the two took at each other when they thought the other wasn't looking. Astrid even playfully kicked Hiccup's leg and bounced her eyebrows when Hiccup looked back at her, making him giggle; which in turn made Jack giggle when he asked what was so funny and had Hiccup nod towards Astrid, only to have her eyebrows bounce yet again and make Jack giggle as well.

Neither of the two could have asked for a better first date. Hiccup paid for his own ticket, cutting in front of Jack, but Jack made sure he paid for the popcorn and drinks. Before they walked into the theater, Hiccup stopped Jack and held out a yellow sticky note folded in half.

Jack gladly accepted the note and unfolded it, silently reading the words, _"I think your hair is great too. So are your eyes. And your smile. Everything about you is great. Thank you for this Jack."_

Jack looked up at Hiccup and smiled as he pulled him into a hug, cherishing the feeling of having Hiccup in his arms. The two walked into the theater, hands held close, ready to enjoy the time that they could spend together.

End
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